

Harry and Meghan, our saviours

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Body

I have been neglectful, to the point of personal shame, to the many notices recently sent out by the sadly de-royalized partnership of Harry and Meghan. They intend to save the world, and of this, the world must know.

I pause for a moment to note how delightful it is that we, the great vast world public at large, have, by the tacit invitation of this gracious pair, been given the privilege of first-name familiarity of reference.

They are just Meghan and Harry. Reminiscent of former Alberta premier Ralph Klein's idealized couple of Alberta polity, Martha and Henry. There is no stuffiness of duke this, or duchess that. Harry and Meghan are just like everyone else, they present as our neighbours and friends.

Nonetheless, there has been such a rush of distracting news that it has kept me from keeping a proper diary of their worthy attempts to weld their prominence to ending the problems of our shared and oh-so-troubled world.

It is to our loss that Meghan and Harry, superhot halogens of fame though they be, have been clouded over by the egotists and shallow self-advertisers of celebrity culture and our TMZ world.

You cannot look anywhere without self-serving celebrities bebopping about their latest videos, or coming out of some courtroom after their latest assault and chewing up the entertainment channels, which are now, alas, the only news we can really depend upon.

How, really, can two modest ex-royals, with no innate lust for celebrity or dancing before the cameras, compete with the Kardashians, or rap moguls, or other professional self-exhibitionists? Yet, driven solely by the impulse to do good, against this tide of triviality, they strive nonetheless.

Harry, formerly known as prince, has been stalwart. Very recently, in the flush of his US\$110-million (\$141-million) deal with Netflix, he found time to warn us of our common responsibilities to Mother Earth. From the backwaters of Palm Springs, Calif., he raised a cry, and spoke harsh eco-truth from the pulpit of a Netflix press conference. There is a page in Foxe's Book of Martyrs waiting for this man.

He warned that Mother Nature (no metaphor, this) is deeply hurt and severely angry at how we humans have been treating her. And how reckless we all have been in thinking she would not strike back. He is a Jeremiah for our times. Here are his words: "Somebody said to me at the beginning of the pandemic, it's almost as though Mother Nature has sent us to our rooms for bad behaviour, to really take a moment and think about what we've done."

Now, I ask you, has COVID-19 been explained better than that? First, it is good to know, after all the medical and epidemiological gunk we have been fed by doctors, health agencies and deep-brained virologists, that the real

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origin of this plague was a result of the distemper - to your bedrooms, children! - of an angry goddess known as Mother Earth.

People used to know these things in, say, the 12th or 13th centuries. If you ticked off the local oak tree, or failed to recite chants to the county stone circle, or neglected to dunk a half dozen witches in a nearby pond, Mother Earth would not be pleased. She would grow cantankerous. Crops would fail, animals would get mange and winters would never end.

Well, Harry has revived that wisdom for us and we must be grateful that he has done so. Having provided the diagnosis, he also offered the remedy: he recommended each of us think of ourselves as a "drop of rain falling on a parched Earth."

Then, every one of us would fall simultaneously - our little raindrop hands linked together - and the mollified Earth goddess would return to her normal, benign mood. And bye, bye COVID.

Meantime, while all of us were in our own downpour, stylish Meghan would have been working full time to cure the race crisis. What a pair. We are so lucky.

For if the world can't be saved by a couple of ex-royals willing to subject themselves to the productions of Netflix specials, then hope itself is a lost dream.

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